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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. X.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, APRIL 13TH, 1887.

[No. 11.]

University Gazette.

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Subscribers who are in need of back numbers of the Gazette, to complete this year's issue, will be furnished with them if they will communicate with Mr. Mackie, Secretary Board of Directors, P. O. Box 1290. Give numbers wanted and P. O. address.

Editorials.

MCGILL'S ANNUAL REPORT AND MR. PAGNUELO'S REPLY.

In our last issue we made some reference to the annual report of McGill University for 1886, and referred especially to the reference therein made to the subject of professional examinations. In the Montreal Gazette, of date 28th March last, there ap-

peared a long letter from Mr. Pagnuelo, Q.C., Secretary of the Bar of this Province, in which he criticizes that report. We have not space to follow the learned Secretary through all his letter, but wish to remark upon a few of the points raised.

Mr. Pagnuelo insinuates that Sir William Dawson has endeavoured, in this report, to rouse Protestant against Roman Catholic with the sordid motive of getting funds for the University, charges him with want of reliable information, and of appealing to Protestant prejudices, and finally takes him to task for his heterodox educational views. Much of Mr. Pagnuelo's letter may be passed over with the simple observation that it is a capital, though, perhaps, ill-advised, exhibition of the lawyer's art, but displays little argument worthy either of his position or of the document which he has undertaken to criticize.

The answer that "no university graduate has ever yet been admitted to the study of law without a preliminary examination," is no answer at all to the complaint urged in the report. It is one of the many evidences that Mr. Pagnuelo clearly understands the subject, but evades the point at issue. Protestant schools train men to enter the learned professions; Roman Catholic schools do the same. The council of the Bar now steps in and imposes a programme of examination, drawn up by itself, the result of which is to place Protestant candidates at a great disadvantage. We have already referred to this disadvantage in a previous issue, in the matter of Mathematics and Philosophy. How shall Protestants get over the difficulty? evidently by accepting the Roman Catholic curriculum for preparatory study! In this connection we take the opportunity of denying Mr. Pagnuelo's assertion that the English Protestant examiner on the Board "has recommended our programme." We are well informed when we say that Dr. Howe has done nothing of the kind; but that, on the contrary, he has, on several occasions, written Mr. Pagnuelo himself on matters in connection with this very programme, and has stated his objections to it clearly and forcibly.

"To insinuate that the council of the Bar decides for universities the course of studies adequate for a degree is most mischievous, and as untrue as mischievous," says Mr. Pagnuelo. That the council of the Bar does this, we answer, is quite true, and as mis-

chievous as it is true. McGill is certainly second to no school in Quebec; Sir Wm. Dawson, the Dean of the McGill Law Faculty, and some of her ablest professors, hold that they are able to turn out men well prepared to practise law by a course of, say, 500 lectures. In proof of the correctness of their system they point to the actual position taken by their graduates at the Bar as compared with men trained according to other systems. The council of the Bar again steps in and says to McGill—"You must give a course of 1090 lectures, or we shall not grant your students any privilege because of their degree." Will Mr. Pagnuelo undertake to say that McGill's degree in law is inferior to Laval's? What business has the council with anything but the legal acquirements of the candidate who presents himself before it for admission? The council, we presume, has a perfect right to grant no privilege to any candidate bearing a University degree, if it thinks proper, but we submit it has no right to discriminate between degrees. The object of the council of the Bar is, evidently, not to improve professional training so much as it is to exclude men trained at McGill from the legal profession. The council of the Bar does not decide for universities the course of studies, but it says—"do as we tell you, or we'll kill you."

Mr. Pagnuelo's calculation about the proportion of English to French on the Council and on the Board of Examiners, is the veriest clap-trap. The majority is French, and the majority rules. Dr. Howe's objections have been of little account, because he is in the minority. Besides all this, it would be interesting to know how many of these Englishmen, to whom Mr. Pagnuelo refers, are Roman Catholic and trained in Roman Catholic institutions.

One word in conclusion. We are sick and tired of hearing about the "generosity of our French fellow-citizens." They are just about as generous as the English, and not a whit more so. We are discussing this question as a matter of business; the selfish interests of a class are just as likely to assert themselves as are those of individuals, and it is no answer to an agitation against either to pitch at our heads, every time a dispute comes up, the opinions of Mayor Abbott or any other man, no matter how eminent, especially opinions expressed at such times as those when the stock introductory sentence is—"I am quite unable to express my feelings on this occasion; we have achieved a splendid victory, &c, &c."

COLUMBIA COLLEGE will celebrate on the 13th of April next the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation under its present title, though it was originally established by royal charter in 1754 as King's College.

THE GRADUATES' SOCIETY AND THE COLLEGE ELECTIONS.

This society, by reason of its being situated in the city and comprising a large number of the graduates resident here, is taking an unfair advantage of those graduates who are not members of it. What right has this society to enclose the names of candidates, nominated through it, in the same envelopes as are enclosed the official papers sent to each voter from the office of the registrar? The seal of the society is very like that of the University itself, and the ordinary voter, on receiving the papers, is very apt to come to the conclusion that he has no right to vote for any men except for those whose names are on the enclosed slip.

It is evident that it would be highly inconvenient, not only for the registrar, but also for graduates, to have the names of every nominee outside the Graduates' Society enclosed in the official envelope: this being the case, none should be so enclosed. The Graduates' Society has a perfect right to communicate with voters in what way it pleases, so long as the rights of those who do not belong to it are not by its action prejudiced; but the University has no right to give the nominations of this society an official character. The matter may be considered unimportant at present, but the time may come when graduates resident in Montreal shall see fit to claim as a right that which is now granted them as a favour.

There is a wheel within a wheel, too, to which we wish to refer. The society, by certain By-laws, prescribes the method of nomination. This By-Law is, we understand, in the possession of the secretary, whom it is not always easy to find. Members have virtually no means of taking communication of the regulations governing nominations for Representative Fellows, which are known only to the inner circle. For want of information, and not through any lack of care, we understand Mr. Hutchinson's nomination was not regular; who knows but that it might have been rejected had it not been that the time consumed in selecting an opponent to him, made it desirable not to insist very strongly upon formalities.

THE Heidelberg Quincentennial Celebration last July has left a surplus of 1,840*l.* after all the heavy expenses of the festivities. Ten marks have been put aside as the nucleus of a fund towards the celebration of the Thousandth Anniversary of the University—rather a far cry as yet—and this sum with the interest is expected to swell to about 100,000*l.* by the time it should be used. The majority of the surplus will be given to the Municipality for charitable purposes.

Poetry.

THE EAGLE AND THE KINGS.

(From Victor Hugo.)

An eagle sought the desert's spring beside
 A lion's cave:
 Meanwhile, two Kings, (God willed it so), espied
 The sparkling wave.

Beneath tall palms, where pilgrims quench their drought
 Fresh strength to gain,
 These Kings, sworn foemen, fought their duel out
 Till both were slain.

The eagle hovered o'er each lifeless brow,
 And, mocking, said:
 "Ye found the universe too small, and now
 Your souls have fled!

O Princes, lately jubilant! your bones
 To-morrow must
 Be mixed with indistinguishable stones
 Amid the dust!

Ye fools! what gained ye by your savage feud?
 Behold, the end!
 I, the proud eagle, haunt this solitude—
 The lion's friend.

From the same spring we drink, each morn and eve—
 Kings, he and I:
 Hill, dale, and forest depths to him I leave,
 And keep the sky."

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN THE WILLIAM
 MOLSON HALL, DEC. 3RD, 1887.

(CONTINUED.)

The second type of courtship, if such it may be termed at all, was of the reckless and desperate type as contrasted with the obsequious mode of Hercules. It is exemplified in the manner in which Pluto paid his addresses to Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres. While she was gathering flowers on the Nysian Plain he literally "carried her by storm" to his dark regions below. You know the sequel. She spent only half the year with her husband, and the remaining half away from him with his mother-in-law. It is questionable whether even such a course as Pluto pursued be not more nearly worthy of respect than the effeminacy of Hercules, but I commend the result as a warning against undue haste.

The third and last type I shall notice you find portrayed in the charming little story of Hippomenes and Atalanta. This young lady was surpassingly fair, but, having been brought up by a she-bear, she was not the most convenient young lady to woo. Her father wished her to wed, and she consented upon one condition, viz.: that each of her suitors should, in turn, compete with her in a foot-race, and the one who should outrun her should become her spouse, while those who failed should forfeit their lives. Even upon these terms, numerous competitors were found. The stakes were high and the races exciting beyond measure. Well did the fleet-footed,

but cruel, beauty know that she could distance all the runners. One after another entered the race only to see her fly like a vision before them, laughing contemptuously at their untoward fate. Probably, Hippomenes had never betrayed his passion at all, but warily he went to the altar of Venus, and laid his sorry case before that goddess. Equally mistress of the intrigues of love and of the foibles of feminine nature, Aphrodite gave to the suitor three golden apples, bidding him cast one at a time upon the race-course during the contest. All was ready. The fable does not say that a pistol was fired, but somehow or other the competitors were started—she running for freedom, he for life and love. As she was distancing him despite his frantic exertions, he cast one of the golden apples upon the track. Its glitter was too much for Atalanta. She stooped to pick it up, and Hippomenes passed her. Thrice was this repeated, and the breathless suitor finally reached the goal, won the race, saved his neck, and, no doubt, with what measure of serenity his agitated frame was capable of, gazed out upon the elysian prospect of married life. But, alas for his hopes! He gained his bride, but they were both changed into lions. Of course, this story will not be confounded with the modern Atalanta race. You remember, four years ago, we sent a yacht called "Atalanta" to race at New York, but the American yacht both won the race and gathered in the gold. The Canadian may, in a sense, have been lionized, but the whole thing has, of course, an entirely different moral. But what am I to say of Hippomenes and Atalanta? We have had examples of obsequious effeminacy, and then of desperation and rashness, and now we have deceit. Hippomenes could not win her by fair competition, and so he resorted to device. The moral requires no elaboration. Let the youth beware how he dispense with candour. Hippomenes and Atalanta were united through deceit, and they were doubtless changed into lions in order that they might fight the rest of their journey through with very appropriate ferocity.

Having thus, at least as far as good intentions are concerned, discharged my paternal duties in enlightening our younger members upon so delicate a subject, I might pass on to other themes, were it not that the consideration of the fabled young ladies I have been speaking about recalls another poetic little myth, which I will mention. You remember there was a youth, named Narcissus, who was so beautiful that when he saw his reflection in the water he was so transported that he could not withdraw his eyes from the sight, and so was changed into the pretty flower that still bears his name. There was a young lady, named Echo, who very deeply loved the vain youth, but he was too much absorbed in admiration of his own comeliness to treat her with more than callous indifference. She was so much distressed that she faded away until nothing but her voice remained. Now, I must approach this pretty story in an enquiring rather than an expository frame of mind, and merely suggest possible interpretations of it. The one which will, of course, naturally suggest itself to all minds is, whether the fact of the voice remaining

is an illustration of Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest or most robust? That, of course, I leave with the science students to determine. For my own part, I think it more prudent to give the ladies the benefit of the doubt, and to argue that it is greatly to the credit of Miss Echo that she had so much voice left, for if she had imprudently expended it upon Narcissus, it is highly improbable that after her dissolution she would have had what, I suppose, Matthew Arnold would call such "a mighty all-transforming remnant."

But while we are speaking of woman, we ought not to forget the truly typical woman of mythology—Pandora, or all-gifted. She was the first woman. Venus endowed her with beauty. Mercury conferred on her some of his own cunning; in fact, every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a woman, and hence her name. Pandora brought with her from heaven (even her enemies admit where she came from) a box containing every species of human ill and misfortune. She was consumed with curiosity, and got some one to open the box, so that all the evils escaped and spread over mankind, "hope" alone remaining in the bottom of the box. Now, pursuant to the tenor of this version, man has ever since been laying to the charge of his helpmate "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," "the sea of troubles," "the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Now, to begin with, he claims that before Pandora came to this planet, men never used to stand at the mouth of their caves and say they were not at home when they were at home, and that, in fact, all "the social lies that warp us from the living truth," which Tennyson has so anathematized, were unknown to the world, and that among the first misfortunes which the typical woman hurled upon us from that mysterious box were the deceptions and intrigues of social life—the direct consequence of Mercury's endowment. We hear this sort of argument every day, and the unfair male critics seldom give us the other side. They say there have been more duels fought concerning woman than from all other causes put together, but they do not expatiate upon the chivalry thus developed. Where would the glorious annals of knight-errantry be had Pandora never come? They tell us that before Pandora came there was no such thing as dry goods trade, and that to her advent is to be attributed the great industry in mirrors; even so, surely the stimulation of trade is not an evil. But they say the worst calamity of all is just beginning to crawl out of that terrible box. The women are going to enter the professions and trades, and we will have to stay at home and take care of the children. Pandora enter the trades? Surely, never! With her characteristic cunning she might mix some slates with coal, or "accidentally" spill some sand in the sugar; she might put green wood into window sashes; she might say of a piece of goods that it was all wool, when, as a matter of fact, it was not all wool; and she might even go so far as to say that some blue stuff would wash, and when the poor old washerman at home had finished wrestling with it in the laundry tubs, he would find that the pattern had faded into nebulous azure. What

would then become of the immaculate morals of our commercial community? Pandora enter the professions? Shame on such a proposal! With her monopoly of deception, she might enter the chamber of the patient, roll out a few of those terrible words used in anatomy, prescribe a tolerably harmless decoction, and then go downstairs muttering to herself, "I wonder what *is* the matter with the fellow; the fair lawyer might always advise a suit, and the poor client would occasionally have a bill of costs to pay; the clerical lady might, from the eminence of the pulpit, declaim against the modern drama for ten months in the year, and the other two be found rapturously applauding in Covent Garden or the Grand Opera of Paris. What would then become of the noble ingenuousness of our profession?

Whether Mercury's gift has absolutely disqualified woman for any of these callings or not, I will leave to the frankness of the audience to say, but, I think, my fellows who are afraid of this latest calamity from Pandora's box are borrowing trouble, and before we raise our voices too high we ought to wait until the evil gets fairly out of the box, if it be there at all. She has not, as yet, corrupted our commercial morality, nor invaded the singleness of purpose that inspires our professions. Until these fears become better founded, let us look at what is said to have remained at the bottom of the box—hope. Butler says—

"Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes—
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other amunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear."

I need not tell you that the hope which Pandora brought is not one of the delusive expectations that Butler complains of, for it is singled out and set apart from the misfortunes and calamities. It is rather that of which Cowley sings—

"Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure—
Thou captive's freedom, and then sick men's breath,
Thou lover's victory, then beggar's wealth—
Thou manna which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat."

And why did this hope remain in the box—why was it not poured out at once to counteract the ills? May it not be that woman could not bestow this benediction upon the world until she was given her rightful position? Nothing in history more clearly marks the course of civilization than the treatment of woman—from a position of inferiority to one of equality or superiority, accordingly as you view it. What is modern progress developing in the direction of this hope? I will not dare to express any opinion upon the deliberations of those mysterious parliaments known as *women's rights* conventions, though, I believe, they must be characterized by wonderful wisdom, nor yet as to the desirability of endowing womankind with the franchise, though, I believe, she could not use it less intelligently than a portion of the present free and independent electors; but when I think of this hope in woman, it is not to these my mind turns. If we could blot out the word "home," with all its significance, what stability would there

be in our social fabric? If we should take away from life all the comfort, the beauty, the inspiration woman has brought it, how could man repair the waste? The tramp of many legions was heard upon the fields of the Crimea. The valour of three great nations was brought together with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Among the myriads seeking glory in the mad rush of battle there moved a slender figure, clad in no emblazoned uniform, brandishing no glittering sword, starting no shell on its mission of death, and yet what name of all the bright galaxy of heroes that war produced compares in lustre with that of Florence Nightingale? Was there ever a period when life could more truly be likened to a conflict than the present? In the rush of our too often unkind competition, are there not wounded hearts by the million? are there not fevered brows? are there not multitudes stricken and wavering in their allegiance to the highest ideals of purity and goodness? Aye, and are there not sweet spirits, not embroiled in the strife, performing the tender offices of healing and cheering, and of inspiring to lofty purpose, and when the din of battle is ended, when greatness will mean more than reputation, when, in its truer import, success will far transcend the ringing plaudits of time, then will these heroines, whose patient vigils of love and devotion the noisy world has left unsung, be found eminent in that company of the truly great of all ages, whom a diviner intelligence will honour and crown with immortal dignity and glory.

The founding and early history of cities always present matter for study of exceptional interest. The archæologist of the present day, who enters some great centre of commerce, paces its solidly paved streets, gazes upon the tall and unbroken rows of granite buildings, is very likely to have his speculations as to its dim and distant origin somewhat curtly dispelled, for the first man he speaks to is likely to say—"When my father came here there were only two shanties, three stables, a barn, and a swamp," and, judging by the number of people whose fathers went there when there were only two shanties, those two shanties must have afforded shelter to a population at least half that of the present Chicago, and they must have been much better ventilated than shanties are now. Concerning the origin of the great cities of antiquity we have not as many sources of information, but it is entirely due to the fact that there is an end to the credulity of a very credulous public, that we are not daily accosted by the grandsons of those who helped Cecrops to found Athens, or hob-nobbed with Romulus on the site of Rome. The founding of Carthage by the unhappy Dido introduces us to something novel in the way of a land deal. She wished to build a city, and negotiated with some landed proprietors for as much land as could be compassed by a bullock's hide. Poor fellows, they no doubt thought Dido was about to shuffle off the mortal coil, and merely wanted enough land to dig a grave in—or, rather, that is what they would have thought if they had been in the habit of digging graves. Probably they imagined she had some secret about ass's ears to dispose of. At all events they

covenanted, and sold to her for a mere trifle as much land as could be compassed by a bullock's hide. She immediately cut the hide into the thinnest imaginable strips, and, fastening them together, compassed a parcel of land large enough to build a great citadel upon. And so, I suppose, it comes to pass that when people set about possessing themselves of land that does not belong to them, that—in the classical phraseology of the period—they may be said to raise didos. Land is represented to us as the most stable thing—on earth I was going to say. It remains a determinate quantity amid the increase and decrease of all other commodities, and all the mutations of commerce, and this is urged as a reason why it should be subjected to different rules from all other species of property. One would imagine that nothing could be freer from hazard than investment in this most stable article, and yet more than one young man who, a few years ago, listened to the roseate utterances of auctioneers, and purchased four or five blocks of future cities, have, in the meantime, been anxiously endeavouring to dispose of the fishing rights over their property. There was an old Roman divinity, named Terminus, whose especial duty it was to look after boundaries. If thought progress too rapidly concerning land, it may be that we will have to invoke his aid again. The land question, however, is one of those subjects which I said I would not discuss. It is quite true that the Mayoralty contest in New York is over, and that Mr. George's defeat or election could not be attributed to anything I might say, but the fact is, there is not unanimity of opinion among our members upon this question any more than upon any other question, saving, always, their admiration of woman, concerning which I took the liberty of speaking more freely. I will only say this, that in discussing the land question and many other of the leading questions of the day, it would be well for us to study the fate of that fabled youth Icarus, who had wings fastened upon him with wax. He had to fly over the sea, and his father warned him not to fly too high lest the heat of the sun should melt the wax, nor yet to fly too low, lest, absorbing the moisture from the water, it should lose its adhesiveness. In the pride of his youth he flew upward until the sun's warmth despoiled him of his waxen wings, and he plunged headlong to ruin. Literally translated into modern speech, he *waxed warm* in discussion and fell. You remember well the other warning against extremes—how difficult it was to steer the middle course, between Charybdis and Scylla—and yet inclination to the whirlpool on the one side, or the rocks on the other, was equally disastrous. Procrustes was a famous robber, who used to way-lay travellers, and seizing them, place them on a bed he had. If the victim happened to be shorter than the bed, he stretched him so as to fit it, while, if he happened to be longer than the bed, the monster cut off his limbs till he was the proper size, and thus the bed of Procrustes came to be a byword of terror. Robbers of this period do not usually put their victims to bed, but how many people deal with great questions in precisely the same manner. They approach them with pre-conceived ideas, and have no scruple about lop-

ping off the truth to make it fit the theories they have constructed, or without a single qualm they will distort fact or stretch a point until it coincide with the doctrine they have accepted. Many great questions have beset this generation, questions far exceeding in complexity those which have puzzled past ages—questions that in their origin seem to reach back until they are fairly lost sight of in the tangled net-work of secondary causes, and to branch out in all directions, until, upon careful examination, interests that seemed the most remote, are found to be affected by them. There is the land question I have referred to, which was once, and is by some still, thought to be a very simple one; there is the real or apparent conflict between capital and labour, the causes of commercial depression, the problem of the honourable conciliation of race antipathies and the eventual union of opposing factions, and many other kindred questions. In their discussion, what is more needed than dispassionate moderation? Are we not too eager to form strong opinions on broad questions like these? There is a sort of satisfaction in having made up one's mind, though, too frequently, when it is made up, the subject is treated as one with which reason has no longer anything to do, and rash invective takes its place. It is not by hasty conclusions and impulsive action that lasting reforms now seem to be brought about. Questions that would formerly have been determined by revolution are now determined by evolution, the gradual development and adaptation of law to an increasingly complex social life, and it is not by frantic appeals to the populace, but by the steady enlightenment of the masses, that abuses will be checked and the way made clear for the ultimate triumph of the true principles of democracy.

I hope I will not be understood as advocating a temporizing policy. The men who accomplish anything worthy are the men of strong conviction, and when I quote these myths, which are so evidently intended to indicate the faith of mediocrity or moderation, I do so merely against the impetuosity and intolerance which so often mar the discussion of such problems. It is the furthest possible from my intentions to plead for the middle course where moral principle is involved. These are gordian knots which are never to be untied by compromise, or by that doctrine too much preached and still more practised—that whatever may be comprised in the term “exigencies” may justify departure from rectitude. Such gordian knots are to be severed by sharp and stern decision, if we would aspire to conquer, or even to have dominion of ourselves. Even where principle is involved, has there not, in the past, been too much aggressiveness and hostility where, without any sacrifice of firmness, there might have been consideration and courtesy? How many of earth's bitter quarrels might have been avoided if moderation had pervaded all counsels? We frequently hear the question asked—“Is civilization not a failure?” and this because human nature is still often violent and deceitful. Ought the question not rather to be—“Is mankind civilized?” As men progress toward the common goal of civilization, they must, of necessity, be drawn nearer together and understand each other

better. As they understand each other better there is the less chance of conflict, and one of the most hopeful aspects of our times is the movement toward unity in so many departments of life. Men are understanding that it is the points of community, and not the points of antagonism, that are to be emphasized if harmony is ever to be attained. No brighter example of this could be found than the manner in which the various Protestant churches are approaching the subject of organic union, and whether, after full consideration by the gifted and devoted men to whom it has been for the time committed, corporate union be found absolutely desirable or not, the fact remains that a generous, a noble, and an inspiring sentiment has been declared to the world.

But I am trespassing upon your kind indulgence. The periods of such myths as I have been speaking about have long ago passed away, and new forces govern the world. The half-opened scroll of history held by the fabled muse Clio, has, through the centuries, been unfolding without her aid. Cadmus is said to have introduced an alphabet into Greece; Gutenberg and Caxton introduced printing to the world. The ancient Prometheus is said to have stolen fire from heaven for the benefit of man; Franklin has snatched the electric spark, once known but as the fire that played in the heavens, girdled the world, annihilated distance, and brought mankind together. The myriad mythical divinities of the old days live only in the poetry which created them, while the cross, that was an emblem of ignominy, has, through the ages, been emblazoned on the gorgeous trappings of crusader, has crowned the stateliest domes of earth, and become the symbol of Faith—one of the three later graces, far excelling in their refulgent beauty the fabled graces of antiquity.

In the beginning of winter, in the early morning, after a night of frost, I crossed the lake when the thin and brittle ice formation was broken by the rising waves and grated harshly on the prows as we slowly moved from the shore. The white, cold mists arose from the waters dark as Erebus, seen here and there between the ever-shifting ice, which ground itself into rude crystals with a dismal, hissing noise that made one shudder. It was the early morning. In the evening, after a day of warm sunshine, I returned. No ice grated on our keel as we launched away toward the west. Not a cold crystal was seen on all the surface of the lake, now ablaze with the reflected glory of the changing sunset. As the amber clouds in the occident deepened into purple, they outlined the distant belfry, from which came over the placid waters, with the soft radiance of evening, the mellow cadences of the vesper chimes.

As I looked upon that sunset glory, with its promises of a still brighter day, I thought of the dim past as humanity's morning, with its chill, harsh, changing surface, its cruel grinding of violence and oppression, its brittle instability, the clashing of its inharmonious sounds, and rising anon from its bosom the dim, curling vapours, in which played the mere phantoms of truth.

But now the frozen surface of society is free, and a calm reigns where turbulence was then; the mists

are well-nigh dispelled, and in the broad expanse the flitting symbols and shadows have given place to the stern, but dignified, actualities of life, and the vesper-bell, what is it but that which the world's rapt ear has so long been straining to hear, that note of universal harmony—the brotherhood of man—that shall, ere long, usher in the full, mellow eventide of peace and joy!

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

CHAP. X.

"All the world's a stage—
And all the men and women merely actors!
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays seven parts."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Death ere thou hast slain another
Good and fair and bright as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!"
—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

The night of our entertainment was a memorable one. Clooney and his rival glowered at one another in the green-room, and kept Charley and me busy in inventing means to keep them apart. Molkenstone, the rival aforesaid, rehearsed his part with great gusto, and as he exclaimed—"O! most adorable, I love you distractedly!" Clooney grated his teeth and roared out his part—"Villain, thou shalt die ten thousand deaths!" There was a large audience present, and it seemed to be in perfect good humour with itself and the actors. The wheezy piano was made to do duty as orchestra, and to play slow music in the death scene of the robber chief, and, I have no doubt, it added to his death agonies, and tended to reconcile him to his approaching dissolution.

At eight o'clock the curtain was rung up, and at ten minutes past eight the last corner had cleared the ground, and was slowly vanishing into the flies. During this ten minutes the actors had been standing on the stage, their feet visible to the audience, but that was all. I was stage manager, and Charley prompter. He lay under the centre table, hidden by the long cloth, and it was laughable to the initiated to see how affectionate the actors were towards the table. They continually leaned upon it.

Clooney was in the first charade, and, dressed in his stage costume of a mountaineer, looked extremely picturesque. The sympathy of the female portion of the audience was with him from the first, and he was frequently applauded. Then came a tableau—"Ajax defying the gods." I was Ajax, and had given Clooney and Charley particular instructions in the methods of raising the curtain, but they lacked practical experience. I took my position close to the curtain, the bell rang and the curtain shot up several feet. Then

it stopped. Clooney laboured with the cord on one side, Charley on the other, but it moved not. The ineffectual movement of the curtain began to make the audience laugh. It rose and fell on one side and the other like a ship in a gale, and still I stood half visible to the audience.

"For goodness' sake, raise it," I whispered.

The two bent their backs to the work, but the curtain did not stir.

I shrieked to them to let the curtain drop, but it would not drop, and the audience began to clap and stamp.

Charley wiped his brow with his handkerchief and looked at me. Suddenly he went upon the stage, crawling under the curtain, and I heard him say—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—the programme calls this scene 'Ajax defying the gods.' Ajax authorizes me to state that he defies the gods to move that curtain. I am also authorized to state that the scene before you is called the 'walking legs'—a remarkable freak without a body. They can walk any way. For example, they will now walk to one side of the stage."

They did walk to one side of the stage, and would have got off all right if Clooney had not given the curtain an extra pull. However, he did so, and the whole affair came down, the curtain enveloping my form and the rod smashing my skull. I was angry, and, springing to my feet, marched off the stage with the curtain entangled about me and the broken rod clattering at my feet, while the audience roared itself hoarse. If ever I am persuaded to engage in theatrical performances again my friends have my permission to put me into an asylum.

The curtain was fitted up in a very few minutes, and the next charade began. Miss Mayflower was certainly the success of the evening. She looked superb, and though her acting showed a trace of constraint, it was otherwise exceedingly natural. Clooney thought it too natural, and I was afraid there would be another quarrel on this account. Nor was I wrong. Clooney left the place as soon as he could be dispensed with, and went to his room. There was a dance after the entertainment, and I was sent by some of his admirers to find and bring him to them for congratulation. I found him sitting in the dark at the window, looking out into the night, his head between his hands, and had to speak to him several times before he answered me. After much persuasion I succeeded in getting him to come down to the hall with me and receive his congratulations. As soon as this was over he left me, and sought Miss Mayflower. I saw him whisper to her, and they went out, as others were doing, to walk up and down the verandah. What passed between them I afterwards heard—

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your acting," said Miss Mayflower.

"Thank you," replied Clooney, "my acting was far inferior to yours; but then I had not my heart in it as you had."

What he meant was conveyed by his tone so clearly that Miss Mayflower could not pass it over.

"What do you mean, Mr. Blake?" she said. "Do you mean that the part was agreeable to me?"

"I mean that you seemed content with Mr. Molkenstone's rendition of the reckless lover," replied Clooney, bitterly.

"You are unjust, Mr. Blake, and I did not expect that you should have made such an accusation. You impose somewhat upon our friendship. No one but you would have dared to say what you have said."

Now, had Clooney had sense he would have let the matter drop there, or rather taken the advantage to repair the breach. But, lover-like, he blundered on:

"Pray, was it necessary to give him your hand to kiss? I did not see such directions in the book."

"I was not aware, sir, that you had the bestowal of my hand," was Miss Mayflower's reply, haughtily given.

"No," replied Clooney, hotly, "or it had not gone there. But they have spoken of you in a way I do not like to hear my friends considered. You should never have accepted such a part—especially with him."

"Kindly take me back to the ball-room, Mr. Blake. You have insulted me and my friend, and even your friendship cannot excuse your conduct."

"Certainly," said Clooney, as they turned back. "Shall I leave you with Mr. Molkenstone?"

"He at least will not insult me," was her reply, and the two parted.

I missed Clooney, and sought him once more. He was in our room, packing his trunk.

"Hello, old man, overhauling your duds? Trying to see how long you can go without a washerwoman?"

"I'm going home by to-night's boat," he answered, shortly.

"Phew! what's up?"

"Everything; we've had a row; I've made an ass and a brute of myself, and the sooner I get away the better," he replied, savagely.

"Apologise."

"Can't," and he shook his head. "She's setting her cap at Molkenstone, and I'd smash his head if I stayed."

I argued as long as I could, and found him immovable. As a last resource, I did what I should have done at first—set out after Charley. Poor Charley! He was slumbering blissfully when I entered his room—about two in the morning—and proceeded to wake him up. Charley does not waken easily. I have seen him sleeping through an attack of mosquitoes, that kept everyone in camp, except himself, awake and voiceful, and I have known him, once, to sleep—after portaging through three miles of bush at night—so soundly that, though he sat up and ate a hearty meal after his first few winks, he remembered nothing about the occurrence next morning.

After rolling him over and over, and sitting on him several times, I at last got him to say—

"Lemme lone."

Thus encouraged, I grasped his throat and choked him. At this he said—

"Open the window, it's terribly close."

A pin run into his arm elicited the remark—

"Confound the mosquitoes!"—at least, mosquitoes will do as well as any other word.

Finally, after he had been held up by the hair of his head, and shaken for a few minutes, he woke up in reality, and demanded to know what the mischief I wanted. When Charley is awake he is very wide-awake, indeed; and I had not half explained the situation before he understood me, and bolted along the corridor, like an angel, to Clooney's room.

Clooney was all dressed, and his satchel was packed and locked. As he saw Charley he frowned, and looked uneasy.

"Look here, Clooney," said Charley, "what does this mean? Jay tells me you want to go home."

"Yes, I leave in ten minutes."

"Not in ten days," remarked Charley, pleasantly. "Now, what's up?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Then I'll tell *you*. You've had a row with Edith."

"Well."

"Well, then, if you care for her at all, and I think you do, you will stay here. Can you imagine what people will say? And, remember, you leave her here to face it. What *right* have you to quarrel with her? None, whatever."

"I cannot stop," replied Clooney, dejectedly. "I would only do something even worse when I see how she favours that fellow Molkenstone."

"That's where you're wrong. You do not deserve to be told it, but I'll tell you. She detests him, and if you had seen her, as I did, before she went to act, you would pity her instead of being angry. The real truth is, that you are angry because you did not get his part."

Clooney did not answer.

"Now, just think for an instant," continued Charley. "If you had had his part could you have acted as he did before everybody? And if she cared for you could she have been so loving and tender in public? I tell you, you two would have been as cool as enemies together on that stage, and would have spoiled the play. You would have been afraid of each other."

Charley's stream of logic, invective, and appeal ran on for quite a time, and Clooney, beaten at every point, finally took refuge in a silent resistance. Then Charley brought his last resources into use, and suggested that, if Clooney was determined to leave Murray Bay, the Saguenay trip might be made use of. It would give Clooney a day to reconsider his resolve. Clooney acquiesced in this, and at daylight, when I heard the tooting of the departing steamer, he was tossing restlessly in his bed beside me.

I rose early that morning, for I could not sleep, and went down to the beach for a smoke. I walked along as far as the little stream that flows into the head of the bay near the Murray River, and when I returned to the beach opposite the hotels it was about seven o'clock. As I drew near the rocky portion of the shore, I noticed a familiar figure sitting in a sheltered nook and leaning dejectedly against the rock. It was Edith Mayflower. She was alone, and the wind was playing with her hair, which had become dishevelled. I was about to approach her when Clooney appeared on the scene, striding along furi-

ously over the beach, and kicking the pebbles about as he came. I turned aside and left them together, for Clooney was advancing towards Miss Mayflower. He did not catch sight of her until too late to retire, and, raising his hat, bowed coldly and walked on. But his gait slackened. I noticed a look of irresolution upon his face, and then he stopped still. After a moment he turned, like one under the influence of mesmerism, and strode up to where Edith sat—still motionless.

Almost in spite of myself I saw what took place, although too far away to hear, and unwilling to approach. I saw Clooney stand for several minutes before Edith, his arms folded, and even at that distance I could mark them rise and fall with his heavy breathing. Edith did not move. Then Clooney spoke, his whole form eloquent with entreaty, and slowly bending down towards that motionless figure, which was all he recognized or valued on earth at that moment. He had thrown down his hat, and the breeze just ruffled the wavy masses of his hair as he stood, speaking now, rapidly and vehemently. I could eavesdrop no longer; I had as lief attend a hanging as see a man trembling before a woman, who has his happiness at her caprice; there is something humiliating about it. And so I left them, a touching picture, on the rocky beach, with the tide rushing at their feet and the sun alone for a witness. What happened was known only to themselves, or rather was known to nobody—not even themselves—for at the supreme moment of a declaration the words are forgotten in the thoughts they express, as a raindrop is lost in the immensity of the ocean.

When breakfast was ready, the two came sauntering in as unconcerned as if they had not mortally offended one another the night before, and had a romantic scene an hour since. Charley winked at me across the table, and, after the meal, whispered as we left the hall—

“They’ve made it up again.”

I had not told him of the interview I had partly witnessed that morning.

It was now about nine o’clock, and we were all sitting on the verandah planning the campaign for the afternoon, when a little, shock-headed fellow came in at the gate with a telegram in his dirty fist. He handed it to the first person he met, who happened to be Charley, and waited patiently for him to find the owner.

“Hello! Clooney,” said Charley, “here’s a telegram for you.”

Clooney took it and signed the book. Then he opened the telegram.

He dropped it with a suppressed cry, and I sprang towards him.

“Read it,” he said.

And I did so.

I read it over once, twice, three times, before I understood the full meaning of the words, and then it struck home like a bullet—

Lulu was dying!

Clooney turned and entered the house, Charley with him, and that oppressive silence which is bred by such sudden ill-tidings in a jovial circle, fell upon

us. I leaned against one of the pillars. I had forgotten all about Clooney, and then began to wonder, vaguely, why. I heard the whispers around me, some seemingly addressed to me, but it did not seem as if an answer were required. Edith was sitting directly in front of me, and I saw her face pale and troubled. Hers was the only one I seemed to see at all, and I wondered how she would miss her old acquaintance. In a few moments she rose, and, slipping her arm through mine, drew me away, and we walked up the road. There was a scent of flowers in the air that I had never noticed before.

“Mr. Wolfe,” said Edith, “I have read your secret. Will you not confide in me? I, too, loved her.”

And it was only then that I knew my own heart. Lulu, with her moods of merriment and fits of sedateness, had crept into my heart, and had been there long before I ever guessed it. It is not in the nature of man to give way so pliantly as woman. He stands like an oak, and like an oak he falls, if sorrow overcomes him at all, while woman is much like the proverbial reed—which bends to the storm and rises after every gust; or, at least, lives on even in an inclined position. It was not at this moment that I gave way. Neither Clooney nor I quite realized the truth until we stood by the bedside of the dead.

But, enough; even Edith could not arouse me to my former sensibility, and it was fortunate for Clooney that Charley was with us, for I, who should have been his staff, was not clear-headed enough to be of much service. Charley it was who made arrangements for a yacht to cross to Caccouna and catch the down train, leaving to us the task of packing our trunks.

I shall never forget our departure. Every one crowded around us with the usual trite condolences, of which we grasped the true meaning for the first time. Clooney bore up like a man, except in his interview with Edith, when, for an instant, his form shook like a reed in the wind. There was no love-making between them, but just as he was parting, Edith, whom his grief had subdued, suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. There was nothing unmaidenly about it, reader, though it may seem so in cold print, and I know that, for the first time, it brought home to me the utter loneliness of my life to come.

And then we passed out, with the sun streaming down upon us, upon our sad journey, for I accompanied him as one having the right to do so, and he never questioned me or said me nay.

As long as I live I shall never forget that journey. Dying! and we hundreds of miles away. Clooney never stirred, and spoke only the names of the stations upon the way as we passed them.

Night came on, and I persuaded him to go to bed. For me there was no sleep, and I wrapped myself in my coat and went out upon the platform. I think the moon was shining. It must have been, for I remember the scenery was deathly and cold, yet visible, and for this effect there must have been a moon. Did I think during that terrible night? Rather was my mind ever free from thoughts? I laughed sometimes, for hope would not abandon me,

and I was happy in thinking what a sweet surprise it would be to see Lulu come lightly out to meet us when we arrived, and laugh her old silvery laugh at our fears. On and on and on went the train, at its highest speed, yet I felt like leaping off and running on ahead.

And still, in spite of all, we were too late. I cannot even now write with the cold pen of the historian. I know they left me alone, with my secret, for even Clooney had not divined it, and that I passed the day on which we arrived in agony and solitude. Ask to see her I could not. But that night, as she lay sleeping, with her hands clasped as in babyhood, I sought and found her, by instinct. I remember it well. The moonlight again: streaming in at the half-open window, through which came the sound of the tide, the curtains swaying in the air, and the white figure of the dead—I shall never forget them. I remember that I knelt by her side and prayed to her—not to God, but to her. I understood then what the Virgin Mary is to the Roman Catholic Church. And then I rose and sat beside her. I had long worn a diamond ring, which had been an heir-loom in the family, and as I saw it sparkle in the moonlight a strange idea came into my mind, which, I think, was already developing the fever that ensued.

I unclasped the dead fingers, and withdrawing my ring from my finger, slipped it easily upon one of Lulu's. Then tenderly clasping her hands again I kissed her.

And then two thoughts forced themselves upon me—one that I had out-witted death himself, and the other that it was absurd to wed the dead; and at my triumph and foolishness I laughed louder and louder, until the whole house must have rung with my merriment.

This is all I remember, until one morning I woke and found myself at home. I never dared ask what had happened, and no one ever dropped any hint. I heard only that I had been very ill.

(To be continued.)

CARNIVAL NOTES.

BY A STUDENT.

Now that the Carnival and the elections are over, and our heads have resumed their normal size, we begin to try and remember what did happen any way during that festive week. Of course, with some it was one prolonged "slope," their excuse to the professors being that "their mothers, sisters, etc., were in the city, and had to be toted around. A petition for a week's holidays was sent into the Faculty, to which the Dean replied by granting *two* days, one the city civic holiday, the other *Saturday*. But the students refused to take advantage of this double kindness, and objected to Saturday unless Sunday was thrown in also. As far as we know, none of us, overcome by all the excitement, went so far as to find it necessary to add to the civic treasures, though many were compelled, owing to the great crowd in the city, to show their friends the sights of the city in the morning.

For Wednesday eve, a grand turn-out, in College attire, was called for, but, owing to other pressing engagements, only about twenty met at the gates. Perhaps it would have been better had they dispersed, but, nothing daunted, they marched down under their piratical-looking flag, which, being mistaken by our "brave bobbies" as indicative of dark deeds and hidden designs, was borne away in triumph by these intrepid guardians, much to the surprise and disgust of the standard-bearer and his followers.

Moral:—Boys, don't march out unless you are able to stick up for your colours and retain them.

Some of the Science boys, to the number of thirty, inaugurated a sleigh-drive in the procession, and, aided by the kindness of Mr. Ogilvie, who placed four fine horses and a sleigh at their disposal, they were able to have a turn-out that was a complete success. Under the able management of C. H. Macnutt, "Buff" Ogilvie, and W. F. Fenir, who obtained the excellent "baby" level, the sleigh attracted many complimentary expressions. C. P. McKenzie and W. Hamilton acted as leveller and assistant, rigged out in full summer engineering outfit, and any old engineers present must have had the memories of days gone by awakened by the sight of C. P. and "Billy" hard at work.

As far as we know, all have recovered from the effects of the week's gaiety, to find themselves face to face with the student's nightmare—the examinations.

McGill News.

It is to be regretted that mention has not been made long ere this, of the kindness of Prof. Bovey, who last fall offered a fine silver cup, to be won in two years, in the hurdle race at our athletic games. The thanks of all those interested in our college sports are due to the Professor for his gift.

MEDICAL CONVOCATION.

The meeting of Convocation, for conferring degrees in Medicine, was held in the William Molson Hall, on Tuesday, the 29th March last. A large number of people was present to witness the ceremonies. The proceedings were remarkably quiet; the mysterious disappearance of Albert Hamer, a member of the graduating class, put a damper upon the usual fun that the Meds. indulge in upon Convocation day. The graduating class this year was a large one, numbering 45, as follows:—

W. H. Aborn, Goderich, Ont.; J. A. Berry, Seeley's Bay, Ont.; E. H. P. Blackadder, B.A., Montreal; S. W. Boone, B.A., Fredericton, N.B.; W. Bowe, B.A., Quebec, Que.; Jas. Boyd, Vank-leek Hill, Ont.; K. Cameron, Montreal, W. Christie, Lachute, Que. A. M. Cowie, Montreal; J. A. Dickson, Trenholmeville, Que.; C. L. Easton, Easton's Corners, Ont.; C. J. Edgar, Napierville, Que.; W. E. Ellis, St. Catharines, Ont.; E. J. Evans, Seaforth, Ont.; J. D. Flagg, Morrisburg, Ont.; E. W. Fillmore, Baie Verte, N.B.; J. M. Fraser, Hawkesbury, Ont.; A. W. Gardner, Cornwall, Ont.; A. G. Hall, Franklin, Que.; W. Hall, Walkerton, Ont.; A. L. Hamer, Bradford, Ont.; J. W. Johnson, Farmersville, Ont.; J. A. A. Kelly, Durham, Ont.; A. M. Lafferty, Perth, Ont.; H. A. Lafleur, B.A., Montreal, Que.; W. F. Loucks, Stirling, Ont.; A. D. Macdonald, Wickham, N.B.;

A. L. Macdonald, Glendonald, Ont.; D. D. McDonald, North Lancaster, Ont.; H. McKinnon, Alexandria, Ont.; V. H. Morgan, Aultsville, Ont.; T. J. Norman, Schonberg, Ont.; J. A. Porter, B.A., Kemptville, Ont.; J. C. Potheir, Woonsocket, R.I.; E. Reavely, Port Robinson, Ont.; G. C. Richardson, South March, Ont.; D. L. Ross, Winthrop, Ont.; J. M. Scott, Philadelphia, Penn.; D. J. Scully, Lindsay, Ont.; G. C. Stephen, Montreal, Que.; H. E. Trapnell, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; P. H. Warnford, Norton, N.B.; H. P. Wilkins, Toronto, Ont.; E. P. Williams, Ottawa, Ont.; A. A. Young, Barton, Vt.

The following were the medal and prize men of the different years:—

MEDALS, PRIZES AND HONORS.

The Holmes gold medal, for the best examination in all the branches comprised in the medical curriculum, was awarded to Edward Evans, of Seaforth, Ont.

The prize for the best examination in the final branches was awarded to Henri A. Lafleur, of Montreal.

The prize for the best examination in the primary branches was awarded to Alexander E. Garrow, of Ottawa, Ont.

The Sutherland gold medal was awarded to John Creasor, of Owen Sound, Ont.

The following gentlemen, arranged in order of merit, deserve honorable mention:

In the primary examination—H. McKercher, G. G. Campbell, J. A. Creasor, W. S. England, W. G. Stewart, H. E. Young, D. H. McIntosh, G. A. Brown, D. A. Murray.

In the final examination—J. A. Fraser, J. A. Kelly, L. D. Ross, W. Hall, A. L. Hamer, T. J. Norman, A. D. McDonald, W. Christie, E. H. P. Blackader, and J. W. Johnson.

PROFESSOR'S PRIZES.

Botany—Robert McKechnie, Winnipeg.

Practical anatomy—Demonstrator's prizes; second year, W. G. Stewart; first year, R. McKechnie.

Obstetrics—Ed. Evans, Seaforth, Ont.

Paology—O. H. Hubbard, Gilsam, New Hampshire.

Dr. Buller addressed the students, and gave the new doctors much sound advice of a practical nature, interspersed with poetry, religion and morals.

The valedictory was read by Dr. A. D. McDonald. It was well written, but scarcely audible in all parts of the large hall. In opening, the valedictorian said he was not going to lead his audience to believe that their grief was inconsolable at quitting *Alma Mater*, nor did he intend to display his technical knowledge. He humourously reviewed their experience as Freshmen, and portrayed in vivid colours the importance of the janitor in their eyes in those days, detailed the hardships to which Meds. have to submit to get a lodging house, having in some cases actually to pass themselves off as Theologs. The story of the four years' course was pleasingly told, and the address concluded with the following apt quotation from Sydney Smith:—

"If any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event: let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life."

EXAMINATIONS.

Scribbling in the hall
Hard as e'er I can, I
Struggle to recall
Formulations many.

Walking up and down,
See the staid professor
In his black stuff gown
Like a grim confessor.

Through the panes the rays
Of the sun are breaking,
Of the shabby baize
Cloth of bright gold making.

In the springtide air
Birds are gaily singing;
Nature everywhere
With delight is ringing—

Save where in the hall
Hard as e'er I can, I
Struggle to recall
Formulations many.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Societies.

The adjourned meeting of graduates in Applied Science was held on March 5th, in the University Club rooms, Prof. McLeod in the chair; Mr. Hamilton acted as secretary *pro tem*.

A letter was read from Mr. F. Adams, of Ottawa, declining to become a candidate for Representative Fellow in Applied Science. Mr. W. T. Skaife then received the unanimous nomination.

A committee was appointed to report to an adjourned meeting on the best mode of forming a committee to obtain nominations, in future, of suitable candidates for representative fellow in Applied Science, and also on the powers of such a committee, if formed.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held on the evening of Friday, March 25th. Eight members were present. The President occupied the chair. The subject for debate was—"Should public offices be the rewards for political service?" Messrs. Ritchie and Oughtred spoke on the affirmative, and Messrs. MacLennan and J. P. Cooke, on the negative. The question was decided in favour of the negative.

Personals.

G. W. Boggs, M.D., C.M. '86, is practising his profession at Parrsboro, N.S.

Nevil Evans, B. Ap. Sc., '86, has been appointed assistant examiner in chemistry, for the first year Arts.

H. Lunam, M.D., C.M., '81, W. W. Doherty, M.D., C.M., '85, and D. L. Murray, M.D., C.M., '86, are all practising their profession, with considerable success, in Campbellton, N.B.

Albert Hamer, one of this year's graduates in Medicine, has been missing since Thursday, March 24th. He drove to the Back River with several of his friends, stopping at Frigon's Hotel. Here he disappeared. As he had about \$100 on his person, foul play is feared. His fellow-students, assisted by the detectives, are seeking him.

Between the Lectures.

A lawyer recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit, protested that he was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And so the bride got vexed, and would not have him.

MR. COHEN WATCHES THE DEAL.

It is Mr. Blumenthal's deal, and Mr. Cohen polishes his glasses hurriedly with a view to make a careful survey of the shuffle. Mr. Blumenthal's friend, Mr. Dinkelstein, considers it an appropriate occasion for a remark:—

"Mr. Cohen, I heart you vas a coot chudch of diamonds. Vill you gindly look at dis chenuine blue-vite, seffen karat——"

"Oxguse me," replies Mr. Cohen, without removing his eyes from the pack, "I giffs no addention to diamonds on Chakey Blumenthal's deal. I vas look-in' for glubs."

"CHESNUTS."

The following is authenticated as the true origin of the term "chesnuts":—A company of Amateurs, in Brooklyn, got up a Minstrel Show, called "The Chesnut Avenue Company" (the avenue on which their hall is situated). They made up a selection of new jokes, and played with great success before their friends. A little while later, they got news that a Professional Minstrel Troupe was using their jokes, in New York; so one evening a number of them crossed over and attended the theatre. As soon as they heard their own jokes, they called out, altogether—"Chesnuts!" intimating the source from which the wit was stolen. At first the word was exclusively used in the theatrical connection.

College World.

FOR Great Britain's 35,000,000 inhabitants there are 25,810 medical men—that is to say, one to every 1,350 inhabitants. In France there is one physician to every 1,400 individuals. In Austria, Germany, and Norway there is one doctor to every 1,500 souls; in the United States of North America, one in every 600 persons. Russia is very badly served, there being but one doctor to every 6,226 people. The total number of doctors among the Russians is not above 15,000; even to reach the level of England 65,000 would be required.

GERMANY'S CHEAP EDUCATION.

A great secret of the success and gratifying results of the German higher school system consists in the cheapness of education. English educationists will do well to ponder over these figures: Of 500 German Gymnasien and Progymnasien 125 fix 70 marks (roughly £3 10s.) as the maximum school fee, 201 have maximum rates varying from 70 to 99 marks, 120 rates varying from 100 to 114 marks,

while only 54 exceed 114 marks. Of 217 Realgymnasien, Realprogymnasien and Oberrealschulen 20 charge fees less than 70 marks, and 112 charge 100 marks and over. Of 177 Realburgerschulen and higher Burgerschulen 87 have fees lower than 70 marks, and 35 fees exceeding 100 marks. Between the minimum and the maximum rate of school money there is, of course, a great difference, but the higher rates are exceptional. Thus in Bavaria and Wurtemberg the minimum is nine marks, and in Saxony a maximum 300 marks is reached. The fees charged by Prussian Gymnasien are higher than the fees of other States, but in Prussia the average per head of the scholars is only 96 marks. In other words, less than £5 is charged for an education which will often bear favorable comparison with that given in some of our highest schools.

Correspondence.

THE FELLOWSHIP ELECTIONS.

To the Editors University Gazette.

DEAR SIRs:—It is time the mode of electing the Representative Fellows should be reformed. Each year now brings a nasty squabble about the personal qualifications of the candidates, and it is the hardest thing in the world to introduce a question of principle into the college elections. So-and-so is a good fellow, vote for him; professor thingumbob recommends so-and-so; or, so-and-so is one of the boys—these are the arguments which meet the voting graduate in the month of March. Why?

Because—1. The graduates have no formulated platform.

2. The Representative Fellows are never called to give an account of their trust.

3. The Corporation transacts business with closed doors, and the graduates never hear of college doings except by accident.

The Graduates' Society will shortly be given an opportunity of remedying this loose state of affairs. If they do not avail themselves of it, there is a possibility that another organisation may be formed to do this work.

Another thing I wish to call attention to, is the cumbersomeness of the electoral machinery, and particularly the nuisance of the fifty-cents registration fee. It was imposed at the suggestion of the coterie which formerly controlled college elections, and whose interest it was to confine the vote to graduates resident in the city.

Why should not the registrar mail a ballot to each graduate every year? The University would certainly gain by the change, as it would re-establish the connection between graduate and college which, under the present system, is finally severed on Convocation day. The strength of the great American universities is the *esprit de corps* of their alumni.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. TURNER.

MONTREAL, MARCH 23, 1887.

To the Editors *University Gazette* :—

SIRS,—In your GAZETTE of the 23rd March, appeared a short paper on Physical Culture, signed "P." This article is so full of incorrect statements that I feel it my duty to protest against the attempt to discredit the faithful and excellent work which has been carried on by Mr. Barnjum, as instructor to the University, for over twenty-five years.

I take exception to "P's" first statement, that "for students in Montreal, exercise for health is not a necessity." I and many others can testify to the contrary, and also to the benefit we have derived from attending the gymnastic classes. We have gained in health, strength, and also capacity for study. As regards his second statement, either "P." has never been in the gymnasium, or he is stating what he knows to be untrue. The admirable Indian Club exercise, which he in his ignorance undertakes to belittle, is only a part of the course, which consists, besides, of Bar-Bells, Bridge Ladders, Parallel Bars and Vaulting. If "P." thinks these are not enough fully to supply all the needs of "a man of active habits," and if he does not think them to be of a nature "somewhat sturdier than that which is said to be so desirable in the health lift department of schools for girls," all I can say is that he had better come and try them before undertaking to write upon a subject about which he evidently knows very little.

As to "swinging clubs in an ill-ventilated room," one would think he was speaking of some back parlor at a sporting resort, instead of the spacious, lofty and ventilated hall at the gymnasium. As for "exercising their muscles in such a way as their inclination points out," this would reduce Physical Culture to a farce. The course prescribed by Mr. Barnjum is such as most certainly "stiffens the sinews, summons up the blood," and gives precision of movement, without unduly taxing the vital forces, and having regard to the fact that exercise in its highest and truest sense should tend to build up the body, so as to enable a student to pursue his studies to greater advantage. But further than this, the course develops *harmoniously* every part of the body, which latter is not the case with ordinary exercise. The drift of "P's" letter seems to be that he and some of his friends do not care for Physical Culture in its true sense, but wish to have "a good time." And they evidently think that fencing will give them all they desire. Now, fencing, as all know, does not form part of the regular course in a gymnasium, but is to all intents and purposes an extra, like boxing. If "P." and his friends wish to indulge in fencing, let them put their hands in their pockets and pay for it; but, to endeavor to get the Faculty to provide this form of amusement for them, by running down the work of a gentleman who has for so many years taken a deep interest in the physical welfare of the students, and done all in his power to benefit them, is most unjust and unworthy. I think it well to state that after the regular classes are over, those students who can spare the time are always welcome to stay and practise any specialities they may fancy. We have always found Mr. Barnjum or his assistant ready and willing to give any advice or aid needed at such times. I also feel sure that had a sufficient

number of students come forward in a manly way, Mr. Barnjum would have been ready to provide them fencing instruction at a moderate rate.

As regards the "handful," there was last session an attendance of from sixty to seventy, and this session of from forty to fifty, during the earlier part of the winter. The "exams." always thin the classes, but this, I am convinced, is a great mistake on the part of students. Those who persevere in taking the exercise will gladly acknowledge the immense benefit they have received. Five students who graduated in honors last session were all hard workers at the gymnasium. After four years experience of this exercise, these men should be able to form a correct judgment with reference to this matter, and we have yet to meet with one who has taken the full course and will not recommend his fellow students to take it.

J. NAISMITH.

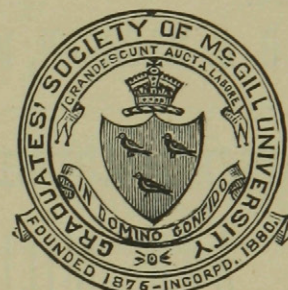
MONTREAL, March 30th, 1887.

NOTICE.

Graduates' Society

—OF—

MCGILL UNIVERSITY.



Prize Competition for the Best Poem on the Queen's Jubilee.

A Prize of Fifty Dollars will be given by the Graduates' Society of McGill University for the best Poem on the Queen's Jubilee, to be read at the annual University Dinner on the 30th April, 1887.

The following Rules will govern :

1. The competition shall be open to any British Subject residing in Canada or elsewhere.
2. All manuscripts are to be addressed to the Secretary of the Graduates' Society, University Club, 8 University Street, and must be in his hands on or before the 15th April, 1887.
3. The writer's name must not appear on any part of the manuscript. Each manuscript must have a motto, which must also appear on the outside of a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address.
4. The Judges will be Professor Moyse, Samuel E. Dawson, Esq., and Rev. Canon Norman, and their decision shall be final. The prize will be given only in case the Judges report that some one of the poems submitted is of sufficient merit to justify its being awarded.
5. All manuscripts shall belong to the Society, which reserves the right, besides that of reading the successful poem at the Annual University Dinner, of publishing the successful or any or all of the poems. No manuscript will therefore be returned.

ARCH. MCGOUN, JR.,

President.

WILFRID SKAIFE,

Acting Secretary.

MONTREAL, 26th February, 1887.

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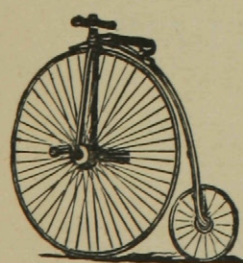
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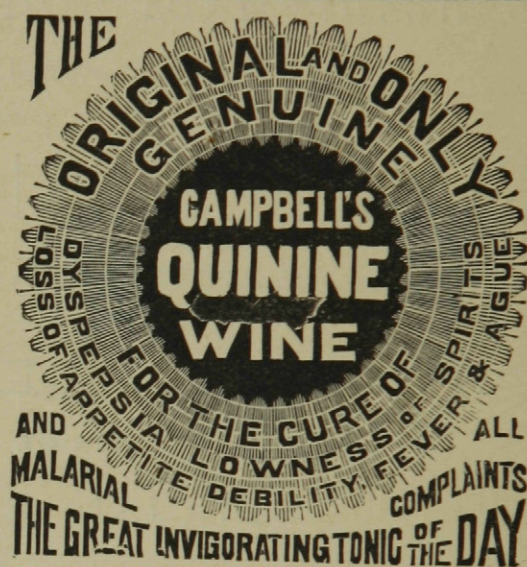
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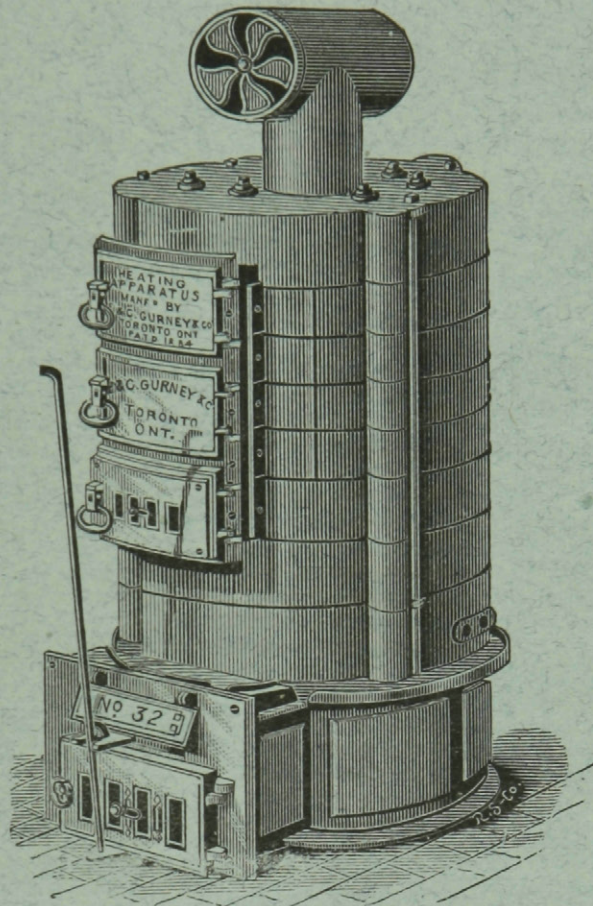
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